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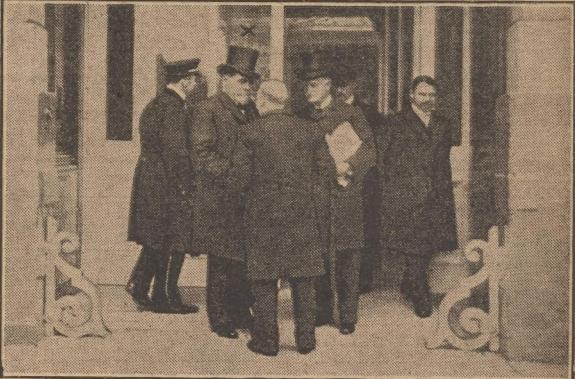
## KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO FRANCE—SCENES IN PARIS AND MARSEILLES.



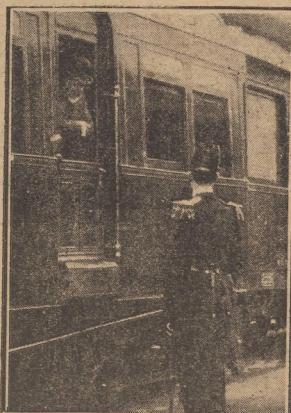
His Majesty leaving the English church in the Rue d'Aguesseau, Paris, after the service. The church was filled to overflowing, and a great crowd was gathered outside the building.



The King leaving the Elysée after his interview with the President of the French Republic.



Admiral Fournier, who is indicated by a cross, entering the Hotel Bristol to see the King. His Majesty congratulated the Admiral on his work during the North Sea inquiry, and decorated him with the Order of St. Michael and St. George.



The King looking from the window of his train as it was leaving the station at Marseilles for Paris.



King Edward and Queen Alexandra arriving at Marseilles on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert. His Majesty, wearing the undress uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, is on the bridge, while the Queen is seen taking a snapshot with her camera pointed in the direction of the *Daily Mirror* correspondent, who took this photograph.



## KING EDWARD THE PARIS IDOL.

His Majesty Cheered at the  
Races and Theatre.

## VAST ENTHUSIASM.

All France Charmed with the  
Royal Visitor.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—The King rose early this morning, and left the Hotel Bristol at eleven o'clock for Versailles, cheered vigorously by a large crowd assembled in the Place Vendôme as he set forth in the handsome automobile of the Marquis de Breteuil, accompanied by M. du Bos. His Majesty wore a black overcoat and a hard felt hat.

In a second car was Major Ponsonby and the Hon. John Ward, while a third bore three mechanics in case of a breakdown.

On the way to Versailles his Majesty visited the racing stables of M. Edmond Blanc, at La Chataigneraie, St. Cloud. Here he saw Val d'Or, winner of the French "Guineas" yesterday, and Muskerly, which is expected to carry M. Blanc's colours in the English "Oaks."

M. Blanc was invited to join the royal party at luncheon in a private room at the Hotel des Re-servoirs, at Versailles.

At about a quarter-past two the King left the restaurant, heartily cheered by the assembled crowd, and drove to the Palace. After a short stay there the royal party went to St. Cloud, and the King witnessed the day's racing from a specially reserved stand, where he was welcomed by the Minister of Agriculture and his wife. His reception from the public was exceedingly cordial, and the enclosures were alive with cheering multitudes.

After the fifth race the King took some light refreshment with some friends in a room adjoining the stand, and then returned to Paris, driving by way of the Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Elysées.

### OVATION OUTSIDE THE HOTEL.

His Majesty received a regular ovation from a crowd of many thousands when he arrived at the Hotel Bristol a little after six.

This evening his Majesty witnessed M. Henri Lavedan's comedy, "The Duel," at the Théâtre Francais.

The King will leave Paris, it is announced, on Thursday morning, reaching Calais shortly after two o'clock.

At the private luncheon at which the King was present on Saturday not the slightest allusion was made to politics. The King spoke with delight of his visit to Algeria and Corsica, and said he had been profoundly touched by the cordiality of his reception everywhere. Parisians are charmed by his gracious manner.

It is no secret among his intimates, however, that the King would come to Paris much oftener if his visits did not attract so much attention. He would like to go about absolutely like a private person.

The "Lokalanzeiger" states that the Kaiser and King Edward will meet in September at the wedding of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha at Glucksburg.

### "JACK" IN MISCHIEF.

The King's Irish Terrier Causes Some  
Excitement at the Tuilleries.

Jack, the King's Irish terrier, had an adventure on Sunday in the Tuilleries Gardens.

He was taken out for a stroll by a groom, and promptly ran away. As he was careering over the flower-beds, says the "Petit Journal," a keeper told the groom that dogs were not allowed in the gardens without a leash. But the groom did not understand French.

Something terrible might have happened to Jack if a detective had not whispered to the keeper, "It is the King's dog." He was then allowed to run about uncheked.

But Jack further abused his liberty by molesting the little dog of an old lady, who smote him with her umbrella. She was not mollified on hearing that it was a royal dog. "So much the worse," she said angrily.

### KING'S HORSE CHLOROFORMED.

One of the King's horses which had grown unfit for work was painlessly killed with chloroform at Buckingham Palace yesterday. No horse that has ever been employed in the royal stables is allowed to leave his Majesty's service alive.

## DAY OF MASSACRE IN WARSAW.

Defenceless Men, Women, and Children Shot Down in  
Cold Blood.

## BOMB EXPLOSIONS—CITY IN SIEGE.

There was great bloodshed yesterday in the streets of Warsaw, the riotous capital of Poland, where May Day has not passed peacefully for a generation.

Russian troops, anticipating trouble, encountered a procession of unarmed workmen carrying red flags.

The cavalry charged and the infantry poured volleys of lead into their ranks.

Thirty-one persons fell dead in the Zelazna and Jerosolimskie two of the principal streets—and fifteen were wounded.

Another collision between soldiers and workmen occurred at the corner of Zlota and Sosnowa-streets, when twenty were killed and wounded, bringing the total of casualties for the day up to sixty-six.

Such are the figures to hand, but the toll may easily prove greater when the facts filter through to the world.

In the evening a bomb was thrown at the soldiers and some excitement was also caused at St. Peters-burg by a curious bomb mystery.

### SHOT IN COLD BLOOD.

Soldiers' Heartless Attack Upon Workmen's  
Orderly Procession.

WARSAW, Monday.—May Day here began quietly, and no incident was reported till the afternoon. All factories, shops, and offices of every description were closed.

Troops were everywhere in evidence. There were many Cossack and cavalry patrols, as well as squads of infantry on patrol duty.

The first disturbance began about a quarter past one o'clock, when a procession consisting of several thousand workmen appeared in Zelazna-street, marching along the thoroughfare and carrying red flags.

It is alleged that the flags were five in number, and that the demonstrators sang revolutionary songs. According to all accounts, however, they were otherwise quite orderly.

The procession was allowed to advance some distance without molestation, when suddenly a squadron of Uhlans rode up. The crowd made way for them, and they made no attempt to interfere with the demonstrators, but ranged themselves on the pavement in front of the house.

The workmen meanwhile continued to march past. Presently, however, a party of infantry appeared upon the scene, emerging from Marchalowska-street.

The Uhlans, with drawn swords, then charged into the procession, and the infantry immediately afterwards, fired several volleys into the panic-stricken crowd, killing thirty-one, and wounding many, fifteen severely.

### SHOT AT PEOPLE IN FLIGHT.

The people fled, but the troops nevertheless continued to fire, delivering two organised volleys and some forty independent shots.

The attack is described by eye-witnesses as entirely unprovoked. The crowd immediately dispersed, and the most intense indignation is expressed on all sides as to the action of the military.

In the course of the afternoon large crowds began to collect in Marchalowska-street, where the principal riots occurred in January last.

The Cossacks charged the crowd, freely using their swords, and dispersed the people in Jerniak-street. One man fired into a patrol from the roof of a house, without, however, injuring anybody.

At five o'clock, while an infantry patrol was passing the corner of Zlota and Sosnowa streets, a man fired at them from behind a wall. The patrol immediately began shooting into the passing crowd, killing and wounding twenty. According to another

### PRESIDENT'S "BULLY TIME."

Mr. Roosevelt's Life with Cowboys in the  
Heart of the Rocky Mountains.

"I am not only well, but I am having a bully good time," said President Roosevelt to 1,300 cowboys, mountaineers, and ranchmen in the heart of the Rocky Mountains.

The President, says Laffan, had been attending an open-air service, in which he joined heartily in the singing.

In hunting garb, with blue cotton shirt, duck trousers tied round the ankles with string, sheep-skin coat, and slouched hat, Mr. Roosevelt yesterday attended May Day service at West Divide, Colorado.

## BACK TO WORK.

Aliens Bill Puts Liberal Leader in a  
Quandary.

## SPEAKER'S ILLNESS.

The second and perhaps most critical portion of the parliamentary session begins this afternoon.

There is certain to be a great muster of members, for the Prime Minister, aided and abetted by the chief Government Whip, has ingeniously put down the Aliens Bill—the principal measure of the session—as the first order of the day.

As all good Unionists are, in view of an early election, anxious to support the second reading, few of them are likely to prolong their holidays beyond the stipulated limit. A large Ministerial majority is certain.

But the difficulties will begin when the Bill reaches the Committee stage. Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Winston Churchill, and others, will fight it line by line.

A very piquant situation has been created by the attitude of the Liberal members and candidates for East End constituencies most affected by the flood of alien immigrants, for they have appealed to the Liberal leader not to oppose the second reading.

If he ignores this appeal seats will be lost to the Liberals at the next election; on the other hand, trouble may easily arise with Radical opponents of restriction of alien immigration.

A very critical division is expected on Sir Henry "C. B.'s" vote of censure upon the incidents arising out of the appointment of Sir Antony Macdonnell as Under-Secretary for Ireland.

It is confidently expected that Mr. Wyndham, whose health has greatly improved during his stay in Germany, will be in his place when Sir Henry "C. B.'s" motion comes on to make the statement to the House which generally follows a Cabinet Minister's resignation.

## STRONG HINT TO GERMANY

Minister's Important Statement as to England's  
Policy in Morocco.

In a remarkable interview with the Tangier correspondent of the Paris "Temps," which Reuter reports, Mr. Gerald Lowther, the British Minister, makes it clear that England is determined to stand shoulder to shoulder with France in Morocco as against any attempts by Germany to upset the harmonious working of the Anglo-French agreement.

"My mission," he said, "will not be simply of a ceremonial character, but will also be inspired by the clauses of the Agreement of April 8, according to which the two contracting Governments pledge themselves to give each other diplomatic assistance for the carrying out of its objects.

"My Government is all the more eager to fulfil its obligations, as the French proposals made to his Majesty the Sultan, proposals absolutely in conformity with the spirit of the Agreement of April 8, do not injure the interests of any third party, guarantee Morocco's security, and may help this country to develop in a gradual way that will cause no sudden shock."

## MURDER OR ACCIDENT?

Startling New Theory Advanced in Nan  
Patterson's Defence.

NEW YORK, Monday.—A remarkable point about the trial of Miss Nan Patterson on a charge of murdering "Cesar" Young, an English bookmaker, last year, is that, in accordance with an agreement between the accused and her lawyers, no evidence for the defence has been offered.

To-day a fresh and startling development occurred when her counsel in his closing address for the first time advanced the theory that Young's death was the result of an accident.—Reuter.

## MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Six children of a farmer were burned to death in a fire at Lierstrand, Norway, yesterday.

Thirteen persons have been killed by an explosion in the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Coal Company's mines at Wilburton, Oklahoma.

Strikers marched through the streets of Toulon yesterday compelling shopkeepers to close their premises. They also assaulted a number of Arsenal employees for having gone to work.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Gusty westerly to southerly winds; changeable; fair at first, some rain later; mild.

Lightning-up time, 8.22 p.m.

Sea passages will be rather rough or moderate generally.

## COUNTRY SWEPT BY HURRICANE.

Storm Scenes on Land and Sea—  
Landslip Derails Train.

## COAST CASUALTIES.

A gale of exceptional severity swept over the country yesterday.

Considerable damage was done to shipping round the coast, and the boisterous weather must have had a serious effect on the growing crops in the agricultural districts.

In most of the open spaces of London the gale wrought sad havoc amongst the trees and the spring blossoms, but considering the force of the wind, the amount of actual damage must be deemed to be comparatively small.

The Thames river police had a tempestuous and busy night, many of the barges escaping their moorings and becoming a source of serious danger.

The heavy rainfall was responsible for an exciting landslide on the Solway Junction Railway near Annan, Dumfriesshire, last night.

As a train was passing over an embankment the earth gave way, and the train was derailed. Happily no one was hurt.

In the English Channel a high sea was running, and Continental steamers arriving at Dover reported that they had experienced exceptionally rough weather.

On all the coasts, save the west of Scotland, the storm signals are flying, and it is feared that many disasters have occurred at sea.

An exciting adventure befel several officers and men of the submarine flotilla at Portsmouth. On Sunday night they put off in a boat and were caught in a squall.

They were unable to make headway against the force of the wind, and their boat was blown into the currents.

An alarm was raised when the boat was missed, and a search was organised.

Early yesterday morning the missing boat was found in a perilous position on a mudbank. All its occupants were safe, but suffering from exhaustion and exposure.

### Triple Collision.

A triple collision occurred near Cardiff yesterday, when the steamer Enterprise ran into the schooner Crystal Palace and the ship Tarn in Penarth Roads.

The schooner was sunk, but the crew were saved by some boatmen who were near at the time.

The Tarn was towed in a damaged condition into the West Dock, Cardiff.

The steamer Torrington, for Cardiff, which has arrived in the Downs with two large holes in her bows, reports having collided with the Spanish steamer Uriarte No. 2 on Saturday night. She had the fine new racing bows.

The Uriarte, which was bound for the Tyne, sank at once, and the fate of the captain and the remainder of the crew is unknown.

A schooner, name unknown, broke from her moorings off St. Govan's Head yesterday, and is now in a dangerous position. The Tenby lifeboat has proceeded to the rescue of those on board.

One of the crew of the Lowestoft fishing boat Surprise was washed overboard during a gale in Mounts Bay, Penzance, on Sunday night. Another man, from the fishing boat No. 29, is also missing.

A Fraserburgh telegram reports that yesterday a trawler, bound to Boston from Iceland, went ashore south of Cairnbulg Head, where she now lies. The crew of thirteen were taken ashore by life-saving apparatus.

The schooner Nelly, bound from Swansea to Marseilles, has been wrecked on the French coast. The crew were rescued after some hours in the rigging.

### Thames Tragedy.

A sad fatality is reported from Staines. Two young men hired a small dinghy on Sunday night, and went for a sail on the river.

They had not gone far when the craft capsized owing to the high wind, both occupants being thrown into the water.

One of them, William Spike, twenty-seven, manager of the local shop of Messrs. J. Nelson and Son, went down, but the other man, named Walker, swam to the bank. The body of Spike has not yet been recovered.

In most parts of the country the gale was accompanied by bleak weather, and much damage was done to the young foliage.

In Warwickshire hailstones of remarkable size fell, and the hurricane throughout the Midlands dislodged many chimney-pots, tiles, and slates. Hayricks and hoardings were also blown over, and a large quantity of fruit-blossom destroyed.

The storm did much damage at the encampment of the Royal Berkshire Militia, between Newbury and Didcot.

### SUICIDE IN A BARBER'S SHOP.

Driven desperate by enforced idleness, Alexander Graham, formerly an electrician in the service of the National Telephone Company, entered a barber's shop at Cardiff yesterday, and, snatching up a razor, gashed his throat from ear to ear. He died within a few minutes.

## WELSH EARTHQUAKE.

Its Thunder Acts as Reveille to a Camp of Soldiers.

News of another alarming earthquake comes from North Wales. At 1.40 a.m. yesterday, while officers and men of the Shropshire Militia were asleep in camp at Llangoed, many of them were suddenly awakened by loud rumblings, while beds and articles of furniture shook, and in some cases were displaced.

Lieutenant Egerton stated that while asleep he was disturbed by his bed being rocked.

"I awoke," he declared, "wondering what was happening. I distinctly felt my bed rocking. Then I got up and lit the light. Then I noticed that the things on the dressing table had all been moved. I should judge that the motion and rumblings continued for quite four seconds."

Sergeant-Instructor Norton was another who heard the rumblings.

"I thought," he said, "that it was thunder, and yet it did not seem exactly the same."

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Lionel Alexander was another who felt the shocks.

"Quite distinctly," he said, "I noticed the tremor of the earth, and heard a distant rumbling."

One private declared that the shock was so great that he was thrown out of his bed on to the floor. The noise he heard he compared to heavy thunder. In all thirty people felt the shock. A curious effect of the disturbance was that a gale was blowing at the time, and completely ceased immediately after the earthquake.

### BABY GIRL ATTACKED.

Weak-Minded Boy Charged with the Commission of a Dreadful Crime.

Esther Gatley, an extremely pretty child, three years of age, was missed from her home at Runcorn yesterday. Later she was found at the foot of a huge mound of chemical waste, 30ft. high. The child was lying face downwards, and was covered with a piece of old oilcloth. There was a terrible gash on her forehead, which had apparently been inflicted by a brick which lay beside her. It is feared that she cannot survive her injuries.

The police last night arrested a boy named Fred Walker, aged ten, of weak intellect, who was seen in the vicinity of the mound shortly before the child was found.

### CHILDREN POISONED.

Little Ones Mistake Strange Substance for Liquorice.

Between twenty and thirty children have been poisoned under peculiar circumstances at York, and one of them—James Scott, aged seven, of Bismarck-street—has died from the effects.

The little ones were playing near the North Eastern Railway Company's electrical works, when one of them pounced on a composition which resembled Spanish liquorice in appearance.

When they had tasted the mysterious substance, and a few hours later were sick, ill.

Three of them were so seriously indisposed that they had to be taken to the hospital, where one of them, as stated, died on the following day.

The others are making good progress, and there is no doubt that they will recover.

It is suggested that the substance is one used by electricians for the joints of service boxes, and the symptoms developed by the children resemble those which follow poisoning by belladonna.

An inquest on the boy Scott will be held to-day.

### ADMIRAL IN THE DOCKS.

Lord Charles Beresford Hoists His Flag on Training Ship.

At eight bells yesterday morning Admiral Lord Charles Beresford hoisted his flag on board the training-ship President, stationed in the West India Docks.

The ceremony was very simple. The man on duty bent the flag to the main halliards, and swiftly ran it up to the mainmast.

Merchantmen and liners in dock saluted by firing their guns.

A tall gunner sang out an order, and the men fell flat on their faces.

"Get up, get up," he cried, "you take too long looking for a soft place."

"If you were being raked fore and aft d'you think you'd look for soft places on the deck. Now then, smarter this time."

### POET LAUREATE IN A DIFFICULTY.

Unveiling at the Camberwell Polytechnic yesterday a bust of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, presented by Mr. Passmore Edwards, Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, found he was unable to remove the covering, and had to invoke the assistance of an attendant of taller stature than himself.

## OPERA SEASON OPENS.

Brilliant Spectacle and a Superb Performance.

### DIAMONDS AND BEAUTY.

As far as an opening night can do, the promise of an unusually brilliant season of opera for 1905 was fulfilled by the presentation of "Das Rheingold" at Covent Garden last night.

The first night of the season has a fascination that is all its own, and this year an additional lustre was given to the function by the decision of the management to present the Wagner cycle during the initial week.

The number of wise opera-goers is annually on the increase, and so it came that there were few unoccupied seats last night when Dr. Richter mounted the rostrum.

He was received with a splendid enthusiasm; then, according to custom, the great gathering rose for the playing of the National Anthem.

It is the one moment of a Covent Garden season when the vast music theatre looks absolutely at its best.

From floor to gallery the whole building seemed to shimmer with green and purple light, reflected from the twinkling star-like gems that glittered everywhere.

The audience rustled into its seats again with the last bars of the music, and Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Princess Patricia took their places in the royal box.

There was a buzz of conversation, that shaded off into a murmur, and ended in a startling silence as Dr. Richter waved his baton.

Twilight fell on the house, and was succeeded by darkness.

The opening bars of the overture sang through the house, and soon the curtain had risen on the weird first scene of the opera.

The opera season of 1905 had begun.

### A Splendid Performance.

The most fastidious of musicians could hardly fail to be satisfied with the performance. Covent Garden has profited by its experience two years ago, and last night staging, singing, and orchestra were all splendid.

The orchestra, under Richter (the hero of the famous "Ring" performance at Bayreuth in 1876), was superb.

The principals were also excellent. Herr Whipple, a newcomer, gave evidence, in Wotan's part, of a fine baritone voice. The performance of Herr Reiss was, as always, inimitable.

Herr Hinckley as Fasolt was also most successful. Mlle. Kirby Lunn and Frau Knipfer-Egli as Erda and Freia added considerably to the success of the evening.

In addition to the occupants of the royal box, the following were present at the beginning of the first act:—Lady Derby, Lady Farquhar, Sir Ernest and Lady Cassel, Mr. and Mrs. C. Meyer, Mrs. Leo Rothschild, Mrs. Ronald, Lord Westbury, Baron and Baroness Cedstrom, Mr. W. S. M. Burns, Lady Herbert, Countess de Grey, Sir Edward and Lady St. Leger.

### BISHOP ON HOBBIES.

If the Clergy Can Do Nothing Else. They Can Fish.

Everyone should have a hobby, said Bishop Diggle at Carlisle last night.

All men who did the greatest work had hobbies. He had been told that the Prime Minister's first interest in life was music, and his next golf, and that incidentally he thought about politics.

Mr. Gladstone could not have done work without his Homer and his fruit garden, and Lord Salisbury had his laboratory.

The clergy would be better for some hobby. If they could do nothing else they could fish.

One of the reasons for the late Lord Grimthorpe's freshness was his hobbies. Lord Grimthorpe had a tremendous fighting spirit and used to hit hard, but he was one of the hardest workers his country had produced.

### EAST HAM'S REVOLT.

Ratepayers in East Ham met at the town hall last night and passed a resolution approving the refusal of the borough council to administer the Education Act.

The resolution expressed the opinion that "the only remedy for the anomalous condition of education is the introduction of a complete national system and the transference of the entire control of the cost to one department."

### PALACE FOR INEBRIATES.

At the new home for Yorkshire inebriates at Cattal, between York and Harrogate, which has cost £45,000, and was formally opened yesterday, each inmate is to be provided with a separate bedroom, but in the living room and kitchen the inmates are to meet in common.

## ACADEMY "CRITICS."

"Cheating at Bridge" To Be the Great Tea-Table Topic.

Although Lycidas was not there, very nearly everybody else with a day off in London attended. That was the impression derived by those who visited the Royal Academy yesterday, when Burlington House flung its doors open in wide welcome to the British public and its shillings.

After pushing her way through the crowded galleries, an American young lady said: "If this function was taken place next fall when crinolines are in fashion, I calculate that most of us would be still in Piccadilly waiting to get in."

Early in the afternoon a feeling got about that the Hon. John Collier's picture of a lady cheating at "bridge" was going to be an afternoon-tea-table subject of conversation this season.

There was one oasis where the expert, amateur, connoisseur, Philistine, and ordinary individual were on common ground—of honest admiration before the picture of Queen Alexandra, a "state picture" painted by Mr. Fildes, R.A., by command of the King.

It was calculated that 15,000 people passed the turnstiles—all critics in their way of the great picture show.

### AFTER 32 YEARS' SERVICE.

Medical Officer Dismissed by Local Authority Because He Wanted More Pay.

That legislation is needed for the protection of medical officers of health is emphasised by the dismissal, after thirty-two years' service, of Dr. Bond, medical officer for Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire.

Dr. Bond was dismissed because he objected to having three additional parishes placed under his care without extra remuneration.

He appealed to the Local Government Board, and was given £33 additional salary till the end of the year, when his appointment terminated.

And in spite of strong criticism from the central authority, the local district council refuses to appoint Dr. Bond.

The British Medical Association is promoting a Bill to insure greater security for medical officers.

### POOREST OF BISHOPRICS.

Immense Area and Population of the New Diocese of Southwark.

With a population of over two million souls, the new diocese of Southwark was inaugurated yesterday, stretching from Woolwich to Surbiton and southwards right across Surrey. It has been carved out from the ancient diocese of Rochester, and consists of 294 parishes, with 637 licensed clergy.

St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, is the cathedral of the new diocese. It is one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical buildings in London. But there is no endowment. A minimum income of £2,000 a year for the Bishop has been provided; all current expenses depend on voluntary offerings.

The diocese has, roughly, the form of a figure eight, being very narrow between Croydon and Epsom, which are respectively in the dioceses of Canterbury and Winchester.

### MADMAN AT LARGE.

Peaceful Devonshire Village Disturbed by the Antics of an Escaped Lunatic.

The serenity of the old-fashioned village of Hampton, in North Devon, has just been disturbed by an exciting incident.

For the past few days a number of women residents had complained of being startled by the sudden appearance of a wild-looking man, who threatened them with violence.

The police, assisted by a number of civilians, organised a search for the intruder, and ultimately discovered, at the neighbouring village of Oakford, an individual of wild aspect.

His only garment was a shirt, and he was frantically brandishing a big stick.

Police-constable Blackmore, after a struggle, succeeded in disarming him, and ascertained that the poor fellow was a lunatic who had escaped from Cottford Asylum, to which institution he was returned in safe custody.

### COST OF A SMILE.

Frederick Schluter, a German hairdresser, held out his arms and smiled at two lady clerks in the City-road, and then struck in the face a bystander who reproved him.

"But, my dear Honour, I only made a smile at them," said Schluter at the police court yesterday.

He was fined £4, with the alternative of a month in gaol.

The cable on the funicular railway at Lyons snapped, and a car descended the slope at a fearful pace. Seventeen persons were injured.

## MARKYATE CAR TRAGEDY.

Remarkable Evidence by the Chauffeur's Companions.

### INQUIRY ADJOURNED.

In the little iron mission-room at Markyate yesterday afternoon was resumed the inquiry into the death of Willie Clifton on April 18.

The coroner is also clerk to the magistrates who are hearing the charge against Cornalba.

There was a sensation in court when Mr. Garbett, brewer's manager, of Wellington, Salop, came forward to give evidence. Mr. Richards, the third occupant of the car on April 18, was asked to leave.

The former said that at the invitation of Cornalba he consented to take a long ride, and obtained permission to bring Mr. Richards with him. They started from Wellington at about ten minutes past ten. It was some 150 miles to London.

"We took our first drink (whisky and soda) at Colshill," said Mr. Garbett, and the next at Coventry, where we lunched, and took one bottle of Beaune amongst the three. We left Coventry about two o'clock, and did not again stop until we reached Markyate village. I have no idea what pace we were going.

"When I first saw the carts in the village the driver of the motor-car began sounding his horn. We were 200 yards from the carts. We slackened speed as we passed the carts, down to ten or twelve miles an hour. There were some boys who appeared to be swinging on the backs of the carts.

"Our chauffeur sounded his horn again. Two of the boys then swung off and ran towards the hedge, but the other boy ran straight into the motor.

#### Chauffeur Would Not Stop.

"I said, 'By gad, he's run into the car.' I thought the chauffeur would stop, but he did not. I exclaimed, 'Are you not going to stop?' and Cornalba said, 'No, I don't think the boy is hurt; if he is, they will take the number of the car.'"

(Suspense.)

Coroner: Then he did not actually stop?—No. Did you see people about?—Yes. I turned round, and I saw the boy on the ground. I saw no one make any effort to stop us. I did not see any waves of hands, and I heard no whistling. I accepted the driver's explanation.

Did you feel a jar going through the village?—No. (The sighted.)

You did not see whether the boy got up off the ground?—No; I could not stop the driver myself.

"We reached London about seven o'clock," continued Mr. Garbett, "and put up at the Swiss Hotel. The first published reference I saw to the occurrence was a leading article in the 'Daily Telegraph' on Thursday."

He returned home on Wednesday, and a letter was placed in his hand at the railway station. He showed it to Mr. Richards, and then tore it up. The letter was in these terms:

I see by the papers there has been a motor-car accident. If you are asked any questions about it say you left Coventry at a quarter to three and arrived in London at a quarter to seven.—R. CORNALBA.

A subsequent conference with Mr. Hildebrand Harmsworth in London resulted in a communication to Scotland Yard.

Coroner: You can give no further explanation of your not insisting on the car being stopped than that you trusted to the driver?—No. I was for stopping it, but I could not stop it myself.

Mr. Muir asked what steps witness as a humane man took when he saw this boy on the ground.

Mr. Garbett answered that he did not know the boy had actually been knocked down by the car.

In surprised tones Mr. Muir asked if witness seriously meant that, and Mr. Garbett said he did. Pressed as to what steps Mr. Richards took, he said Mr. Richards shouted, "Whoa, whoa, who!"

#### "Abducted" by the Chauffeur.

Mr. Muir: Do you suggest you and Mr. Richards were carried off against your inclination?—Yes.

And though you were carried off against your will you never reported the matter to Mr. Harmsworth, or complained to him about it?—That is so.

Mr. Alfred Henry Richards, farmer, of Walcot, near Wellington, was called to the witness-chair at nine o'clock, and the opening questions were put by the coroner amidst almost breathless silence.

Mr. Richards corroborated the evidence of Mr. Garbett, and said he shouted, "Whoa!" when the child was knocked down. The chauffeur "slackened down," and said to him, "He only brushed the mudguard; they'll take the number of the car."

The inquiry was adjourned till next Monday.

### SAVED BY CHILD'S COUGH.

A child's cough undoubtedly saved the lives of the occupants of a house at Stavely yesterday.

A fire broke out, and the inmates of the house were roused by a child coughing.

They only just had time to escape, and the premises were gutted.

## SHOOTING OUTRAGE.

### Girl Wounded by a Toy Pistol in Broad Daylight.

Mystery surrounds an extraordinary shooting outrage which happened to a young girl employed at Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell's in Charing Cross-road yesterday.

Just after one o'clock Miss Jennie Cutler and a friend left the factory for the dinner-hour. As they turned down towards Charing Cross there was the sound of a pistol-shot, and Miss Cutler cried that she had been shot in the leg. She was taken to the Middlesex Hospital, where a bullet, embedded slightly below the knee, was removed from her leg.

Later in the evening Miss Jennie Cutler, who is an extremely pretty girl, was removed to her home. "I cannot imagine," she said, "who could have shot me. I know of nobody who would do such a thing. The sound came from the other side of the road. The bullet was of a type, the police say, used in 'toy pistols.'

One theory of the crime is that the shot was not intended for Miss Cutler at all. Among the girls employed at Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell's factory is one who recently gave evidence in the Deptford murder case. It is thought that the shot may have been meant for this girl.

Up to a late hour last night no arrest had been made.

### WORRIED BY "SHADOWERS."

#### Mr. Dawson, of Billiard Fame, Followed by Strange Men.

Charles Dawson, the famous billiard player, tells a curious story of men shadowing him from place to place, evidently with sinister designs.

The shadowing, he says, began at Christmas time. The mysterious men make no attempt to molest him, but are content to turn up in trains, hotels, and wherever he plays billiards.

To avoid their attentions, Mr. Dawson has been compelled to travel secretly, buying his railway tickets from a tourist agency.

"Sometimes," he says, "I think it is all a delusion, but that hope is dispelled by seeing one of the men dogging my footsteps. Once I ran in the street and so did my follower."

One consequence of the trouble is that Mr. Dawson's health has suffered; and another effect may be that the great billiard exponent may seek peace and rest in Australia for a time.

### WOMAN BURGLAR.

#### Enters a House by the Window and Is Undone by Greediness.

Awakened by strange noises at six o'clock yesterday morning, Mr. Walter Garland, civil engineer, of 41, Edith-road, West Kensington, went downstairs, where he found a woman heavily laden with silver articles, worth about £15.

She had been regaling herself at the pantry with both food and drink, and to the effect of the latter Mr. Garland ascribes the clumsiness which betrayed her. She had entered the house through a window.

The burglar, who is Mary Ann Dawson, aged thirty-eight, and describes herself as a cook, was charged at the West London Court, and committed for trial.

### WRECKED CLUB.

#### Billiard Table Hurled Into the Street and Member and Steward Injured.

Two persons were injured and much damage was caused yesterday by an explosion which took place at the Northern Conservative Club, Southampton.

It is supposed that a lighted match was thrown down on the floor of the billiard-room, under which there was an accumulation of escaped gas.

The billiard-room was wrecked, a part of the billiard table was hurled into the street, and a member, a farmer called Bathoold, and the steward were injured.

The member was thrown into the air, and both his legs were broken, whilst his arm was fractured. He is in a critical condition.

### "WORKSHY'S" IMPUDENT CLAIM.

Stubbornly refusing to do his allotted task in Lambeth Workhouse, Washington Tuck, a strong, able-bodied man, twenty-four years of age, said, "I did not come here to work. It has been held by the Courts that this is the place for me."

The Westminster magistrate yesterday decided that gaol for three months was the best place for Tuck.

Mrs. N. O. Griffin, a wealthy Philadelphia lady of sixty, has just married her eighteen-year-old coachman.

## WINDY MAY DAY.

### Modern Celebrations of an Old-Time Festival.

### CROWNING A MAY QUEEN.

May came yesterday with gusts of wind and showers of rain. Nor were the May Day celebrations anything but half-hearted, compared with the greetings once accorded in England to "blithe May Day."

The labour celebration passed off quietly and without any disturbance. The procession organised by the Social Democratic Federation formed sedately on the Embankment and marched to Hyde Park.

Here there were set up six platforms, and speeches of a more or less fiery nature were made. A representative of the Polish Socialists was present, and a feature of the gathering was the number of aliens who attended it.

A number of churches in Hammersmith and the neighbourhood celebrated the day by an early morning service in Ravenscourt Park.

As soon as the park gates opened at six o'clock the worshippers gathered, and a short but impressive service was held. This custom has now been in force for some years.

The Stock Exchange marked its sense of the fitness of things by closing for the day, and Throgmorton-street was quiet and deserted.

#### Busy Exeter Hall.

Exeter Hall, on the other hand, was the scene of unusual activity. There were even more black coats and white ties in the Strand than are usually seen on the first day of the spring meetings.

At Oxford the president of Magdalen and a number of ladies attended the customary singing of a Latin hymn on the top of the tower of Magdalen College. This quaint ceremony took place at five o'clock, and was marred by rain, which fell in torrents.

Knutsford is one of the few English towns which celebrate the day in the good old English style—with a May Queen and a Maypole dance.

Although the weather was far from being favourable, large crowds gathered to witness the pretty scene. Miss Cockram, the daughter of a local recruiting officer, was this year's queen.

West Ham celebrated May Day by a quaint carnival procession, which passed through the streets of the borough yesterday evening. A collection was taken by the masqueraders in aid of a deserving local charity.

In all parts of the Continent the day was observed by noisy demonstrations, and in Chicago where a great teamsters' strike is taking place, tumultuous scenes were witnessed. In Canada, however, for the first time in ten years there were no disturbances.

### ELOPEMENT DRAMA.

#### Stage-like "Situation" Interrupted by a Sudden Announcement of Death.

A husband of fifty-five years of age, a forgiving man, and a servant girl of twenty-one were the principal figures in a romance unfolded before the Benthall Green coroner yesterday.

The husband, Robert Cohen, was a Manchester barber and when his servant, Ruth Greenwood, left his home he followed and lived with her at Brick-lane, in the East End. His wife traced him and besought him to return home.

He refused, and then she found the servant girl. "Ruth," she said, "what are you doing here? You know he is a married man and an old man. What do you want with my husband?"

Just when Ruth was making an angry reply a noise was heard downstairs, and when the distressed wife ran down she found her husband dead on the doorstep, having died from heart failure due to excitement.

### BOGUS INSURANCE CLAIM.

John Smith, a hawker, of Edmonton, was indicted for six months' hard labour for making a bogus claim on the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, at the Mansion House yesterday.

It was stated that the prisoner had been three times compensated for accidents by the company, the total amount received being £43, and it was believed that each case was bogus.

### TRAGEDY OF DEFLECTED BULLET.

Curious evidence was given at the inquest held yesterday on George Gilson, master of the fishing-vessel Matilda, who died from a wound received during gunnery practice at Sheerness.

It was stated that when the bullet was supposed to have struck Gilson, the Matilda was 500 yards ahead of the steamer towing the targets.

It was thought the bullet struck the ironwork of the target or a piece of wire rope, and deflected at an extraordinary angle.

The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

## TERRORISED LADIES.

### Aged Deaf Mutes Alleged They Have Been Robbed of £2,000.

Singular statements were made in a case heard by the Derby magistrates yesterday.

Two old Melbourne ladies named Smithard, one of whom is deaf, and the other deaf and dumb, alleged that they are the victims of a gang of men who have terrorised them into giving up nearly £2,000—peculiarly all they possess.

After calling on the ladies at Melbourne the men would bring them to Derby, and wait until the money was drawn from the bank.

Then, after securing the money, the men, it was alleged, treated the ladies with great gallantry, and sent them back to Melbourne.

Morris Myerson, described as an optician, of Sheffield, was committed for trial on a charge of obtaining £519 from the ladies, but pleads that it is a case of mistaken identity.

### CARELESS CUSTODIANS.

#### Discovery Only Just Made of Napoleonic Relic Pawned Six Months Ago.

Further sensation has been caused in connection with the theft of Napoleonic relics from the Liverpool Museum by the fact that the gold seal which the woman Birtles is charged with stealing was pawned so long ago as October 15 of last year.

How such valuable articles could have been absent from the collection so long without attention being called to the fact passes comprehension.

Mrs. Birtles was brought before the magistrates yesterday, and in reply to the charge of stealing the seal said: "My boy found it in the street, and I pawned it."

She emphatically denied that she had previously been charged with stealing a lamp, and was remanded on bail.

### SENSITIVE ALIEN.

#### Hangs Himself Because He Spoke Unkindly of England in a Letter.

A curious reason was advanced to Dr. Wynn Westbrook at an inquest at Bethnal Green yesterday for the suicide of Marks Grossman, a young cabinet maker, who was found hanging at his home in Mount-street, E.

It appears that he wrote to a cousin in Russia recently advising him not to come to London, as he would only be a slave.

Grossman afterwards thought that, in saying this, he had maligned the country in which he was living, and that, as a consequence, he would get into trouble.

This preyed upon his mind to such an extent that he imagined he could hear voices beneath the flooring and he would constantly exclaim, in terror-stricken tones: "They are coming to take me away owing to that letter."

In a farewell epistle to his wife, he beseeched her to bring up the children as true Jews and true to the country in which they lived.

Verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

### YOUTHFUL WRECKERS.

#### Lads of Tender Years Smash a Houseful of Furniture.

For breaking into a house and wrecking the furniture, two boys, Prosser and Francis, aged twelve and fourteen respectively, were charged at Knighton, Staffs, yesterday.

When the police entered the house and caught the culprits red-handed remarkable sights met their view.

The cellar window had been forced.

The竹器 bottles of wine had been smashed.

All the dinner-wares was broken and strewn about the kitchen.

A large clock had been smashed.

The china cupboard had been turned out, and its contents littered the place.

The bedrooms had been ransacked of their linen and all the drawers emptied.

The prisoners pleaded that the wine had made them drunk. Prosser was sent to a reformatory for five years, this being his second offence, and Francis to an industrial school for two years.

### NOT IN COURT DRESS.

When Alfred Thomas appeared at the Greenwich Police Court in his shirt sleeves yesterday, on a charge of being drunk and disorderly, the Bench was scandalised.

The constable asserted that when he arrested Thomas he refused to put his coat on, and Thomas declared that the constable never gave him an opportunity to do so.

No satisfactory explanation being forthcoming, the magistrate discharged the prisoner.

The handsome legacy of £20,000 is bequeathed to the Foreign Mission Fund of the United Free Church of Scotland by the late Mr. James Ford, of Edinburgh.

## MODERN LUCULLUS.

New York Wrangle Over Funds of Assurance Society.

## CONSCIENCE DOLLARS.

The most talked-of man in New York to-day is James H. Hyde, vice-president of the Equitable Assurance Society, an institution with the colossal capital of £200,000,000.

Young Hyde, as he is familiarly spoken of, is partly indebted for his fame to the fact that he is the son of his father, who was the prime promoter of the society, and left his enterprise a holding of fifty per cent. of the shares.

With a great reputation for wealth and influence, young Hyde cut an attractive figure in New York. None dressed in such costly raiment or figured so sumptuously as a host.

He was a sort of modern Lucullus. The banquets he gave were on a magnificent scale.

Dinner to M. Cambon.

But these dinners have brought him trouble, notably the banquet to M. Jules Cambon, formerly French Ambassador to Washington. It was given out that Hyde was the host at this function, paying everything out of his own pocket, and his splendid hospitality won him a great reputation.

Then Mr. James W. Alexander, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, who is understood never to have loved Hyde, scanned the ledgers, and discovered that the cost of the Cambon dinner had been charged to the society's funds.

This was awkward for James H. Hyde, who thereupon sent a cheque for 13,000 dollars to the treasurer as his share of the cost of the Cambon dinner, which had been charged by his order to the advertising account of the Equitable.

These dinners were, he confessed, instituted to advertise the company. "I admit no wrongdoing," says candid Mr. Hyde.

But that was not all. The machinery of the Equitable contained a wheel within a wheel—that is to say, there existed a syndicate known as "James H. Hyde and Associates." This confederacy is said to have made profits that were not distributed among the Equitable shareholders.

Mr. Choate as Counsel.

Admitting the existence of the syndicate, James H. Hyde now asserts that his accuser, President Alexander, participated in the syndicate's underwriting profits equally with himself. In other words, if the one was in the mud the other was in the mire.

Pending inquiry, it is stated that Mr. Hyde sent two cheques of 61,000 dollars each to the president and treasurer respectively.

Many well-known names are involved in the financial squabble, and the names are eagerly awaited when the case comes into the courts.

The large body of the company's travelling agents complain that business is at a standstill, as the people are more disposed to ridicule the company than to do business with it.

The ablest lawyers in the States have been retained by James H. Hyde in anticipation of the coming legal wrangle. At the head of his array of counsel will be, it is stated, Mr. Choate, who has just returned to America after representing his country as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

## PIANIST'S LONG TORTURE.

For Years M. Paderevski Has Suffered Agony After Every Performance.

M. Paderevski's breakdown has not surprised those well acquainted with him.

He has been suffering from acute myalgia and severe pains in his head and neck ever since his first American tour in 1891, when he was induced by the buoyancy of the American climate to fulfil far more engagements than his nervous system could support.

M. Hugo Gorlitz, the well-known musical agent, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday:—

"For many years M. Paderevski has been suffering from this acute neurosis, and has had to have continual massage."

"After every performance the muscles of his neck and shoulders would form into a knot."

"Overwork of the brain and overtaxation of the memory are, I think, the primary causes of the affection. Some time ago a Paris doctor warned M. Paderevski that he would end in paralysis unless he was extremely careful with his health."

M. Paderevski cancelled his English engagements before this illness. It appears probable that he will never play in public again.

## DETAINED THE GRAMOPHONE.

An applicant at Acton yesterday said that recently he had left his lodgings, and, "out of spite," his landlady had detained a gramophone as well as a number of interesting records.

She would not let him take the gramophone away, and had threatened to "put a hammer through the records and render them useless."

The magistrates decided to have inquiries made.

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Unless the vandalism of visitors to Eaton Park, Chester, ceases, the Duke of Westminster has intimated that he will be obliged to close the grounds to the public.

There are over 100 applications from clergymen for the vacant living of Great Dunmow, Essex.

From one of the upper windows of the Coliseum, where he is employed, a limelight attendant named Murphy fell yesterday, sustaining a scalp wound.

Councillor R. F. Freeman, who has mysteriously disappeared from Cambridge, was traced on the day he left to Croydon. His present whereabouts are unknown.

By employing troops in the Indian establishment for service in South Africa and China from 1899 to the present date, the Home Government has saved India £2,930,000.

Because in a Kensington church a divorced man was recently married, the local clergy have sent a protest to the Bishop of London, who has promised to deal with the subject at the Diocesan Conference on May 17.

Thirty-three thousand cases of Australian apples for the London market were landed by the ss. *Marmora* yesterday. It is expected that this year 400,000 cases will be received. Last year's aggregate was 694,500.

Stricken with remorse, the individual who opened a poor-box in the parish of St. Michael's, Merton, and took away the contents, has since sent to the church authorities, under cover of anonymity, a donation of 25s.

Among articles left in carriages and cloak-rooms of the London and South-Western Railway Company and sold by auction yesterday were 2,157 umbrellas, 1,008 walking-sticks, 202 pipes, 8 cameras, 13 bottles of wine, and 4 baths.

State of the value of £65,281 in the United Kingdom was left by the Hon. Sir Francis John Pakenham, who, as Minister to the Argentine Republic, conducted the negotiations in connection with Jabez Balfour's extradition.

Some time ago a London gentleman named Martin lost his purse, containing £30, whilst staying at Ringmer, Sussex. The missing property, quite intact, has just come to light during the removal of some boards from the village green.

Mr. J. R. Bazley, a Leeds angler, caught three splendid trout weighing altogether 12lb. in Blagdon Reservoir, near Bristol. He used the spinning minnow, and the catch is claimed to be an easy record for the United Kingdom for one rod in a single day.

On his death-bed in Llanelli Workhouse Infirmary Thomas Coniff, an old Crimean hero, wore his two medals. By a strange coincidence a man named Thomas Picton, reputed to be a descendant of General Picton, under whom Coniff fought, died in the same ward the previous day.

## KAID SIR HARRY MACLEAN,



The British soldier who has so long commanded the army of the Sultan of Morocco, is now retiring, and he will shortly return to England.—(Lafayette.)

Motorists ought to be made to carry a tank in front of them, said a member at yesterday's meeting of the Haywards Heath Urban Council.

Amongst the congregation of St. Cuthbert's, Millwall, a church-cleaners' league has been formed, the members of which undertake to sweep, scrub, and dust the church each week.

Neat Beaumaris is a modern Romeo in the person of a farm labourer, who wooed a servant-girl from the top of a ladder, which he reared against her window. Although chased off the premises by the farmer's nephew, he returned, and has now been bound over to be of better behaviour.

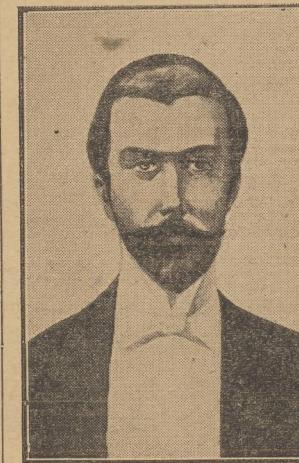
Mr. Gervase Beckett, brother of the new Lord Grimthorpe, is spoken of as the probable Conservative candidate for the vacancy at Whiby.

Smallpox has reappeared at Burnley. Three cases have been discovered in districts not reached by the last outbreak.

Lurid glares have been cast over Ipswich by hear fires, which are becoming of frequent occurrence. Their cause is attributed to wanton mischief, and close watch is to be kept for offenders.

Just before noon yesterday a well-dressed man, while crossing Barbican, was knocked down and instantly killed by a heavily-laden dray. His body awaits identification at the City mortuary.

MR. JAMES H. HYDE,



Vice-president of the New York Equitable Assurance Society, whose actions have caused a wrangle over the funds of the society.

South Wales and Monmouthshire coalowners yesterday decided to give notice of a reduction of 5 per cent. in the wages of colliers.

Islington ratepayers are warned against paying their rates to any person who is not provided with the official receipt. The town clerk writes of an instance of fraud having been perpetrated.

In a violent gas explosion in the billiard-room of the Northam Conservative Club, Southampton, yesterday, a member had both his legs broken, whilst the steward sustained a fractured ankle.

Because he will not stand during the singing of the anthems, a Dewsberry alderman complained at the vestry, the wardens at the parish church refrain from handing a collecting-plate to him as formerly.

Typhoid is gradually subsiding at Lincoln. Only six fresh cases were notified during the last seven days. The total for the city is now 1,007. At the height of the epidemic 268 cases were reported in one week.

Motor men might follow the example of a Cardiff driver. An old man got in front of his car, and to save him the driver not only applied the brakes, but reached forward and lifted him on to one side out of harm's way.

When summoned for keeping a dog without a licence a man at Liverpool wrote to the magistrate's clerk saying he was not going to keep the animal any longer, but intended raffling it. He enclosed one of the tickets.

Through the Japanese Ambassador, the Mikado has signified his acceptance of two photographs of the wards of the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, which had been decorated in the Japanese style during the holidays.

Although only twelve, the Marquis of Titchfield, the Duke of Portland's eldest son, captained his first team of school cricketers in Welbeck Park, Maltby, the old Derbyshire professional, is the youthful cricketer's coach.

"How people can reconcile themselves to offer a threepenny-bit with a hand clothed in 8s. 6d. gloves is beyond my comprehension." The vicar of St. Michael's, Aberystwyth, thus comments on the coins placed in the collection-bags.

Regretting that he could not compel the boys to drink three bottles of sarsaparilla wine they had stolen from a shop at Walthamstow, the Stratford magistrate discharged Bert Warner, aged thirteen, and his brother Clarence, aged nine, on their promising not to steal again.

More composite a nest than that built by sparrows in the spouting of an outhouse near Redcar it would be hard to find. The feathered pair have used a yard and a half of string, three hair pins, sixteen small pieces of paper, half a shoe-lace, two match stalks, and half a telegram form,

## ROMANCE OF TURF AND STAGE.

Beautiful French Actress to Wed an English Jockey.

## OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS.

An interesting engagement is announced from Paris. One of the idols of that city, Mlle. André, who is better known by her stage name of Emilienne d'Alencon, has become engaged to Percy Woodland, the celebrated English cross-country jockey.

There is a romantic story connected with the engagement. Woodland has been riding in France for some time now, and Mlle. André is well known to be a firm supporter of the Turf, owing as she does several fine steeplechase horses, among which are Dorian and Londeac. It is said that the actress and jockey met through the latter being engaged to ride the lady's horses, and that his success led to an acquaintance, which has now ended in the fair dancer's pledging herself to become Mrs. Woodland.

As our photograph on page 8 shows, there is good cause for the Parisians' enthusiasm when they hail Mlle. André as one of the most beautiful, as well as one of the most clever and charming, ballet dancers and actresses of modern times.

## VISCOUNT GLERAWLY'S COMING-OF-AGE.

Great rejoicings at Castlewellan, Co. Down, the country seat of the Earl of Annesley have marked the coming of age of Viscount Glerawly, the Earl's eldest son.

A large and brilliant house-party assembled, there were balls and rejoicings among the tenants, and as our photograph on pages 8 and 9 shows numbers of presents were made to the lucky young heir.

The Earl of Annesley is a Crimean veteran now in his fifty-fifth year, who was wounded both at Alma and in the Kafir war. He owns about 52,000 acres of land, his town house being Annesley Lodge, Regent's Park.

## VICTIMS OF RED TAPE.

Great indignation has been caused in and around Canterbury by the extraordinary exhibition of the evils of red tape of which the brothers Strand, whose photographs are reproduced on page 8, have been the victims.

During the South African war Privates Charles Strand, Arthur Strand, and Harrison volunteered and went to the front. The brothers Strand left the colours when they returned, but Harrison remained with the Army.

Harrison recently died, and before dying asked that his two comrades should be among those who bore him to the grave. They applied to the commanding officer for uniforms to wear at the funeral, but were refused, and so they borrowed them.

For this they were summoned at Canterbury, but the Bench dismissed the case, only ordering the brothers to pay the costs. The decision of the magistrates was received with loud applause, and the costs were immediately subscribed by members of the East Kent Volunteers who were in court.

## VIENNA TRAGEDY.

Seldom has a more dramatic scene been witnessed than when Francis Klein, whose photograph is reproduced on page 8, was found guilty of having murdered Johann Sikora, with the assistance of her husband, and cut his body to pieces in Vienna.

Being deaf, the guilty woman could not hear the verdict. She held out her ear trumpet in mute appeal. The verdict, Guilty of Murder, was shouted through it, and dropping her ear trumpet she fell fainting in the dock.

## UP-TO-DATE ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

Part IV. of the Best Work of Reference in the World Ready To-day.

The fourth fortnightly part of "The Harmsworth Encyclopaedia"—price sevenpence—is on sale to-day, and the demand has already proved itself to be as keen as ever.

The fact that this new work of reference offers all the valuable features of the most costly encyclopaedias for a nominal price, which works out at one halfpenny per day, has been thoroughly grasped by the public. In "The Harmsworth Encyclopaedia," the latest word by the most eminent of living experts is said upon every subject; and in its 50,000 articles is contained the whole sum of human knowledge.

Part IV., like its predecessors, contains 160 pages, and deals with 1,200 different subjects. The maps and engravings are as numerous as ever.

Owing to the continued enormous demand for this work, we cannot too strongly impress upon intending purchasers the necessity for placing an order with a newsagent for the regular delivery of the fortnightly parts.

## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—  
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.  
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2190, Holborn.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Refexed," London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Taitbout.

## Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1905

## HUMANITY BEGINS AT HOME.

TO-DAY Parliament reassembles, and the first business to claim the wandering and weary attention of the House of Commons will be the second reading of the Aliens Bill. We shall be able to see at once whether the Liberal leader intends to take the advice of the East London Liberal M.P.s and candidates, and allow the Bill to pass without opposition, or whether he will disregard that counsel and renew the anti-British, pro-foreigner campaign of last session.

When the Home Secretary introduced the measure just before the Easter holidays no official member of the Opposition spoke. Sir Charles Dilke was, in fact, the only member who rose to discuss the question of "Britain for the British" at all. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has free hand, therefore. Let us hope he will avail himself of it and bow to the deep and widespread feeling in favour of the Bill.

There is a certain class of mind which will never be convinced that it is desirable to exclude anything or anybody from our shores. They think it most important that England should continue to be a refuge for needy foreigners, just as they tremble at the thought of telling other nations that they shall not any longer send their manufactures in free to undersell ours.

Think, they say, of the hardship it would be to these poor aliens whom nobody else wants if we were to shut our gates against them. The hardships to our own people which result from letting the aliens in, these Friends of Humanity at large do not take into account. They quite forget that Humanity, like Charity, ought to begin at home.

It is hopeless to attempt to convert such people, but we look to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to disregard their clamour.

## NEW TERROR TO CRIMINALS.

The most striking thing about the case known as the Vienna Flat Murder, which has just ended with the condemnation of the prisoners, was the manner in which the guilty pair were traced and apprehended.

They were husband and wife. The woman was an adventuress, who married because she wanted a wealthy home. The man married her because he thought she had some money which could be put into his declining business.

Finding that they were both deceived, they took to evil courses for a living. One night the woman decoyed an old man into their flat, and they killed him. Then, having laid hands upon all his portable property, they fled to Paris.

Hue and cry were raised, but for a long time they evaded pursuit. Paris is a big place and the Vienna detectives began to give up hope of catching them. In all likelihood they would still be at large committing other crimes if it were not for the enterprise of modern journalism.

The police possessed photographs of them, and these were published in numbers of illustrated papers. It was by means of one of these papers that they were recognised, denounced, and arrested, and that they have been now condemned.

There is no doubt whatever that the illustrated daily journal, besides giving news a fresh and vivid interest, can be of great help to the administration of justice.

## IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 1.—At last spring has brought "the buds and bells of May." That means a beautiful world, an exquisite garden.

The elms are growing greener every day; soon the oaks will be in themselves. Apple trees are covered with rosy buds. Hardy azaleas push on quickly, while the colours of several of the earliest rhododendrons can already be foretold.

The refined and graceful flowers of the "bleeding heart" now hang, white and pink, from the ruddy stems.

Sweetest corners of all are the wallflowers. It is impossible to have too many of these ever-welcome plants. A bunch of wallflowers—why the dearest in a garden at once!

E. F. T.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, always very faithful to her relatives, must be looking forward with great pleasure to seeing her brother, the King of Greece, in his own home. The King will know how to arrange a pleasant holiday for her. He is himself a man who makes a point, every year, of throwing off all cares of State and going away, as our own King always does in the summer, to some foreign watering-place where he may forget about Greece, the Cretan question, the vagaries of Prince George, and all the complications of Eastern and semi-Eastern politics.

In the summer King George may generally be seen at Aix. He was staying at the Hotel Splendide when I was there a few years ago, and he used to wander about the town, followed by his two beautiful collie dogs, like any private person. Once, at Marienbad, where he is not so well known, the manager of the Kurhaus made a stupid mistake. The King presented himself at the door with the collies at his heels. The stout German official barred the way. "No dogs are allowed here, mein Herr," he said, not recognising the King. "Very well," was the reply, "if my dogs cannot go in,

Alverstone, who has just had another appointment—he is to succeed the late Lord St. Helier on the Ecclesiastical Discipline Commission—is one of the busiest men in the world. He is not nearly so proud, however, of all his honours, political and legal, as he is of his vocal powers. His friends often make fun of his delight in his own tenor voice. When he was Sir Richard Webster he used to sing in the choir of a certain West End church. One of his admirers got to know of this, and asked the singer whereabout in the choir the famous lawyer stood.

\* \* \*

The singer received the name of Webster with the indifference which he probably felt for all but ecclesiastical matters. "That's the vicar," he said: "them's the curates, and I'm the verger. I'm not going to inquire into the previous life of any of the choir so long as they gives satisfaction." It was said, too, that Lord Alverstone sang a sacred piece once at a semi-political meeting. When it was over an elderly female of "repellent aspect" arose in the hall and said: "With your face and voice, sir, you ought to be teaching gospel truth instead of telling honest folk how to be polemical." Presumably she meant political, but the word she used was equally expressive of her point of view.

## "DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



This is how our cartoonist has imagined Mr. Alexander and his double change places in "John Chilcote, M.P." Candov compels us to add that the picture bears no resemblance to the real thing.

I shall not do so either." And from that moment he never visited the Kursaal again during the several weeks of his stay.

\* \* \*

To-day Dr. Bourne, the Archbishop of Westminster, is to leave London for a brief stay in Rome. I understand that this is to be an official visit, and a good deal of talk is going on as to the probability of his having something to do with the rumour that Dr. Bourne is to be made a Cardinal at the approaching consistory. If those rumours are confirmed Dr. Bourne will be the fourth Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, following in the steps of Wiseman, Manning, and Vaughan. His rise to the high position he holds in the Roman hierarchy illustrates very forcibly how the Church chooses its children from all ranks of life, and establishes out of the world's democracy an aristocracy of its own.

\* \* \*

Thus Dr. Bourne is the son of a hard-working clerk in the General Post Office, and the Pope himself comes of a humble peasant family. Dr. Bourne had a hard struggle in youth. His father worked himself to death, and left his mother practically without means. Nevertheless, even in those distant days, when the future Archbishop lived obscurely with his aunt, a Miss Byrne, his friends seem to have had some premonition of his future. A friend calling upon this Miss Byrne one day found her making a magnificent piece of Irish lace, "That is for my little nephew," she explained, "when he becomes a Bishop."

\* \* \*

There seems to be no limit to the amount of work which a successful lawyer can do. Lord

## "JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P."

Mr. George Alexander's Reappearance at the St. James's Last Night.

"John Chilcote, M.P." depended entirely upon the "double" business, it might be a success or it might not. Seeing that, in addition to this interest of curiosity, it has the qualities of a strong, moving, emotional drama, there should not be any doubt of its popularity.

The doubling is most ingeniously managed, but Mr. Alexander and Mr. Thurston, who adapted the play, were too clever to suppose that it could be built solely on that slender foundation. They have wisely made prominent the human elements of Mrs. Thurston's now famous novel.

The scenes which hold the attention most firmly are those between Loder and the wife of the man he is impersonating—the wife who gradually falls in love with the husband who seems to her to be such a changed man. Those and the scene in which Lady Astrupp discovers that Loder is not Chilcote are really good drama—tense, exciting, and thoroughly human.

The story must be familiar by this time. It tells how a politician, a slave to morphia, induces a man who bears a marvellous resemblance to him, to play his part in public life every now and then, when his drug-destroyed nerves get altogether beyond control. No one but Lady Astrupp and the wife discover the secret. The former has once met and loved Loder. She recognises him not by his face, for in the old days he wore a beard, but by a trifling scar upon his hand.

## "WE MUST TELL THE TRUTH."

As for Mrs. Chilcote, her knowledge of the trick comes to her through her real husband's carelessness. In any case, however, she would have learnt it soon enough for her disease is immediately followed by Chilcote's death from an overdose of morphia. Dying, he asks her forgiveness for himself and Loder, and after his death the two who are left have to determine what course to take.

They might let the world suppose that it is Loder who died, but Loder's love for his dead double's wife makes the idea of deception hateful to him: "There is only one thing for us to do," he says. "We must tell the truth."

It is a fine ending to an interesting play—interesting both for its many good scenes and by reason of the clever acting of Mr. Alexander and his company. He himself plays the two parts with skilful insistence upon small points of contrast as well as the broad lines of resemblance between the men. As the morphia maniac he is particularly good.

The statuesque beauty and quiet manner of Miss Miriam Clements, who plays the wife, form an effective foil to the more empresse manner of the "Lady Astrupp," Miss Marion Terry. Miss Terry looks marvellously young and pretty, and acts with all the gracious charm which has so endeared her to everyone, both in front of and behind the footlights.

## PERFECTION OF DETAIL.

Miss Bella Pateman adorns the small part of a political hostess with a certainty of style that many real hostesses will envy, and Mr. Reynolds plays a private secretary to the life.

The party at Lord Branwell's is the best scene of its kind that has ever been put on the stage. Every detail is perfect. Chilcote's library, too, might have been taken straight out of some "great house." Small points like these would not bolster up a bad play, but they do much to help the general effect of a good one.

Playgoers must be congratulated on getting Mr. Alexander back to the stage, and congratulations are due to him upon returning in such happy circumstances.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Paderewski.

I would be a great loss to the musical public if his accident should, as it is feared, prevent his playing again. And it will be terrible for him, too, for he is absorbed in his work. He is always working.

When he is supposed to be having a holiday at his villa on Lake Geneva, he will work both morning and afternoon. But there are other things which help to fill up his time.

He has a model farm, where he experiments in the breeding of cattle. Not long ago King Edward sent him some prize-winning beasts for it. He will tramp all over the country and talk crops with the farmers, and it is on such occasions that his usually colourless face takes on a glow of health.

But he is not a weakling, though his nerves are terribly acute. His shoulders are broad and muscular, and his chest deep, while the grip of his hand is like a blacksmith's.

He is hardly an athlete, but he excels at one sport—swimming. His chief evening amusement is billiards, at which he plays a good game.

He speaks English, French, and German excellently, and can make a graceful after-dinner speech in any one of the three.

His chief faults are his excessive modesty, his excessive generosity, and his excessive love for cigarettes.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Let us, for our lives, do the work of Men while we bear the form of them.—Ruskin.



# The World's News PICTURED



THE LATE LORD GRIMTHORPE.



This likeness of the late Lord Grimthorpe appears over the north porch of St. Albans Cathedral, where it was placed as a tribute to the work he did in restoring the cathedral.

RACEHORSE SOLD FOR £10,000.



It is reported that St. Maclou, the celebrated racehorse, has been sold for £10,000 for breeding purposes in Germany.

PUNISHED FOR HONOURING A DEAD COMRADE.



For borrowing and wearing uniforms to attend the funeral of their dead comrade, Private Harrison, Henry and Arthur Strand, formerly members of the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the East Kent Regiment, were summoned at Canterbury by the Volunteer authorities. They were ordered to pay the costs of the summons.

CONDEMNED TO DEATH.



Francisca Klein, who has been sentenced to death for the sensational murder of an old man in Vienna. The body of the victim was found cut to pieces in a sack underneath a sofa.



Heinrich Klein, her husband, was sentenced to eight years' hard labour as an accessory.

ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.



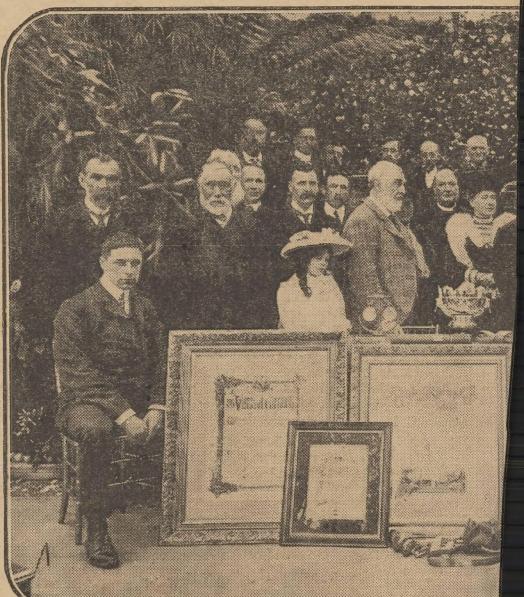
Mlle. d'Alençon, the celebrated French actress, who owns several racehorses, has become engaged to Percy Woodland, the English cross-country jockey, who appears in the smaller photograph.

"PAPA PAINTING!"—A NOT



This family group, which the popular artist, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, pictures of home life. It hangs

PRESENTATIONS AT VISCOUNT GLERAWLY



The coming-of-age of Viscount Glerawly, son of the Earl and Countess of Down. This photograph shows members of the house-party and their mother and father. In the foreground

## BLE ACADEMY PICTURE.



Its "Papa Painting!" will receive much attention from lovers of the second gallery.

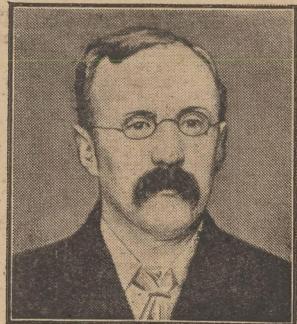
## S TWENTY-FIRST BIRTH-DAY PARTY.



nesley, has been marked by great festivities at Castlewellan, presentation committee grouped round the Viscount and his birthday presents.—(Lafayette.)



## SMOKES FLOWERS.



Dr. W. A. Martin, Medical Officer of Health for Gorton, Manchester, who advocates the smoking of chrysanthemum petals in place of tobacco.

## MISSING COUNCILLOR.



Councillor Robert Freeman, of Cambridge, who left his home last Thursday, and has not been heard of since. His bag was found in the Antwerp express at Parkstone Quay.

## AUSTRALIAN MANAGER.



F. Laver, the manager of the Australian team, who is also likely to be a very useful player. The photograph of another Australian cricketer will appear in to-morrow's *Daily Mirror*.



## CHURCH DAMAGED BY EARTHQUAKE.



The church of Argentiere on the French side of the Alps, which has been badly shaken by the earthquake, and is now in a dangerous position.

## QUEEN OF THE MAY IN LONDON.



Two hundred white-robed maidens of Whitelands College, Chelsea, elected Miss Evelyn Farthing, who sits in the chair, as Queen of the May, because she is the "loveablest and likeablest" girl in the school. The retiring May Queen sits by her side.—(Russell.)

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

*"For the cards, a horse, or a woman, will be bringing that man to me!"*

## CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid equestrienne, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTION TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the popular favorite King Daffodil, the Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A clever jockey girl, now in the power of Mrs. Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby. Both Lyndal Maybrick and Dolores St. Merton are the exception.

## YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

The story, "Lost in the Winning," circulates round the fortunes of two horses—King Daffodil and The Devil—which are in training for the Derby, and two women, whose interests are bound up in the success of the gentleman jockey, Arthur Merrick.

Arthur Merrick is to ride King Daffodil, and his sweetheart, Lyndal Maybrick, informs him by letter while he is staying at the house of the rich racehorse-owner, Vogel, that she has ridden a very famous racehorse in a trial gallop against King Daffodil, with the result that the success of King Daffodil is regarded as a certainty. The agents of B. S. Vogel are keeping a sharp watch on the performance of King Daffodil, and this success of King Daffodil must be kept a secret.

Arthur Merrick, as a guest of B. S. Vogel at Newmarket, had come under the fascinations of another guest, Dolores St. Merton, a beautiful woman living apart from her drunken husband on the bounty of Vogel, who supplies her with money. Merrick, in a weak moment, confides his secret to Dolores, believing her to be trustworthy. She, having lost her heart to the young man, endeavours to keep his secret, but Vogel drags it out of her, and threatens that unless she uses her power over the young man to induce him to pull King Daffodil in the Derby he will bring back her drunken husband and allow her to be dragged down into poverty and misery.

At first she refuses, but at length gives way before his threat.

As Vogel leaves her Merrick comes back, and after confessing his love begs her to be his wife.

Merrick ought to leave Vogel's house and go into training for the great race but Dolores sets to work and persuades him to stay.

"I shall not go to-morrow, nor the next day—until you have promised to become my wife," he said.

In the meantime Sir Tattion believes that Merrick loves Lyndal, and says so to Marvis, the trainer, Lyndal's guardian, who is not well pleased at the idea of a jockey in training being in love.

## CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

"Yes, love is going to take five pounds off his weight," exclaimed Sir Tattion. "It's the best thing that could have happened; when Merrick retires I'm going to have a serious talk with him." "I'll talk to her," grunted Marvis, thinking of Lyndal.

"And I'm going to ask him to accept a wedding present—when he's won the Derby. I don't bet, as you know, Marvis, but I can afford to have an extra bit on my colt for the race. I shall risk a thousand—"

Marvis whistled.

"Bar petticoats and so forth it's a cert, but, for a man who don't bet, a thousand is pretty high."

"A thousand pounds for Merrick; the way they're backing The Devil we shall get sixteens or twenties; well, that will help the young couple to get married, eh? Twenty thousand pounds; and he'll earn it himself."

"You're too good for the lad," said Marvis, still unconvinced. "I wonder if you're right." He shook his head doubtfully. "I've never seen anything but trouble come out of love. And if they're in love why does he stay away instead of coming home? It don't seem right."

"Lover's quarrel. I knew it the moment I saw Lyndal's face this afternoon; she's head over heels in love with him. But don't say a word to her: Girls are sensitive, you might make matters worse."

But as you're her guardian you'd better write to Merrick and tell him you've guessed his secret; tell him not to make a fool of himself but to come back at once—tell him King Daffodil and Lyndal are both pining away for want of him. And hint tactfully that you'll have no objection to a marriage taking place late in June, eh?"

"Well, you're a married man, Sir Tattion, you know best. But I've my doubts."

"Trust to me; but don't say a word to Lyndal. She'll be all right when Merrick's here, and—what's more, she'll see that he does his work—she'll inspire him! I feel more confident than ever that Arthur Merrick is the very man to ride King Daffodil to victory."

The trainer shook his head:

"Perhaps you're right; anyway, between ourselves, it would require the worst jockey going to lose on the King. I'm sure of that. I'll write to Merrick and say what you suggest."

But after he had taken leave of Sir Tattion he walked to the stables and found Billy, his right-hand man.

Billy was a peculiar creature—old and battered. He looked like a crow that a flock of sparrows had used badly. His face was lined and rugged. Only one eye remained, but that was preternaturally sharp and bright; it was a sleepless, distrustful eye, an eye that had seen all the evil and none of the good in human nature.

"My good eye was bashed in when I was fifteen—that's why I ain't trustin' no one," he was fond of saying. Few people trusted Billy; Joe Marvis was the exception.

Joe Marvis had found Billy badly mauled on Epsom Downs one meeting many years ago; he had brought him home and nursed him.

Two years later he saw a man drowning in a certain river adjacent to a certain racecourse; the man was Billy, and he had been popped into the stream by an angry, drunken mob.

Again Marvis saved him, and played the Good Samaritan, taking him home and feeding and clothing him.

"But I sha'n't save you again," he said when he sent him away with half a sovereign in his pocket. "I don't know why I've been fool enough to do so twice; seems to me you only get into trouble when I'm about."

"I was born for trouble," the old ruffian replied.

"You'll die of it, too, if you're not careful," was the kindly trainer's parting rejoinder.

But Joe Marvis did not keep his word.

Yet a third time Billy crossed his path; it was on Epsom Downs after the races; the trainer was driving home when he noticed a drunken man rolling from side to side of the road; he pulled up to avoid him when a coach dashed past and sent the fellow flying.

Joe Marvis picked him up—battered, bleeding, in the jaws of death.

It was Billy!

And as he opened his bleary eye and looked up he recognised Joe Marvis, and muttered uneasily ere he lost consciousness:

"Lor'—loves me duck! You're here again—right moment! It's last time I'll trouble ye, guv'nor—knock-out this time; but why didn't ye run over me with yer 'orse?" he gasped hoarsely as his muddy eyes closed.

"He must get to the station this time—or the body into the dog-cart."

But Lyndal persuaded her guardian to be merciful for the third time.

"He's a wastrel, a rotter; a good-for-nothing, drunken tout—sharp—welsher," growled Marvis.

"Why on earth should fate throw him across my path like this? It's expecting too much—"

"No, it isn't, dad," Lyndal whispered. "And if it's fate, why it would be foolish to fight against fate!"

So for the third time Billy was taken home to the trainer's house. For the third time he was nursed and washed and clothed. Only this time he required a great deal of nursing—the coach had mangled him horribly; but Lyndal was equal to the occasion; the hands that made the reins feel like silk in a horse's bit were equally expert in the task of nursing; the voice that calmed and soothed the most fidgety, nervous, or vicious two-year-old did the same with a fifty-year-old human wreck.

Billy recovered slowly and in silence. He lay in bed and watched Lyndal Maybrick as she moved silently about his room. And when she was not there he turned his wicked, ugly, old face to the wall and—thought.

He had never thought so many nor such strange thoughts in his life before.

It was not until the doctor said that he was well enough to be "turned out" that he spoke.

He spoke to Joe Marvis, who came to hear the doctor's verdict.

"It's the third time," said the trainer sternly, addressing the human scarecrow sitting up in the comfortable bed; "this is the third time you've done this. Before you go perhaps you'll kindly tell me if you mean to do it again, because if you do—"

Billy shook his head.

"Guv'nor, it's or'd right! I sha'n't do it again—I sha'n't 'ave the opportunity. I'm not going!"

"Not going?" Marvis gasped. "Well, of all the impudent, ungrateful scoundrels—"

"Quite right—I'm or'd that—and worse. I'll tell you sir I am, so you shall know. I've been a jockey—"

Joe Marvis sneered contemptuously.

"A booky, a tipster, a racing tout for the worst; I've done the thimble trick—every trick worth doing—and I've done everyone I could do. An' I thought—until a few days ago—as how there was only two sorts of people in the world, fools and knaves."

"I was dead wrong; it's marvellous, ain't it? Like spottin' an 'undred to one winner. I've found out that there's two others, you and her. And I ain't going to leave ye, eh?"

And he didn't.

Probably he would have left at that very moment, suddenly through the window, if Lyndal had not entered the room.

That was twelve years ago, and Billy had kept his word. He never left Joe Marvis, not for a single day.

"If there's one thing I know's, it's a boss," he said.

"It's the only living thing as I'll trust—

By ARTHUR APPLIN,  
Author of "The Shadow of Her Sin," and  
"A Coward's Marriage."

and 'struth, it's the only thing with any intellect as'll trust me!"

So Marvis consented to engage Billy as a stable hand; he commenced by washing and brushing out the stables. So far was he trusted, no further.

He was the odd-job man in the trainer's establishment; he received more kicks than half pence. Everyone snubbed him, bullied him, made use of—and abused him. Everyone except Lyndal.

But Billy never complained: whatever he was told to do that he did without a murmur; he seldom opened his lips, he never grumbled. And he refused to accept any wages.

"I ain't doin' this for money," he said when Joe Marvis tried to pay him.

"Then what are you doing it for?" the trainer growled; "some dev'ly, I'll be bound. What are you stayin' on here and workin' like a nigger and generally gettin' in everyone's way for, eh?"

"Don't know, but it ain't for money," the old chap replied.

Once Marvis did kick him out and dare him to return—for no better reason than that the man's refusal to accept even the smallest wage irritated him and made him distrustful.

And Marvis could not afford to take any risks with other men's horseflesh. But Billy refused to be kicked out; he simply walked back to the stables and stood there like a dumb beast of burden waiting to be used.

It took just twelve months for Joe Marvis to discover why Billy refused to leave him and refused to be paid for his work. When he did discover he called the old reprobate into his study and spoke to him as Billy had never been spoken to before.

And when Billy came out he held his head a little higher, and his step was jaunty. And he changed his rags for a decent if ancient pair of riding breeches and jacket belonging to the trainer; for he was no longer odd-job man, but a stable lad in Joe Marvis's training establishment at Epsom.

Twelve years—and he never failed his master; he regarded Joe Marvis in the light of a god, a ruler of horses' destinies. Lyndal was more than a goddess, she was more than divine.

Billy had been asked his religion he would have replied in all sincerity:

"Miss Lyndal, old Joe—and the bosses."

It was a religion—the one-time wastrel and shirker lived for devoutly and was ready to die for.

"Billy, I want a word with you," Marvis cried, when he found this strange and trusted being, after taking leave of Sir Tattion.

"Yes, sir."

"I want your advice, Billy."

Billy's one visible eye blazed furiously; he straightened himself, snatched his head, and drew a little closer to the trainer.

He could not have heard aright.

"I'm parting. I didn't quite catch—"

"I want your advice, Billy. But before you can give it me I must tell you something I wish no one else to know. You understand?"

Billy nodded; he was too surprised to speak, too overjoyed. No one had asked his advice since the days he engineered: "Billy's Brilliant Specials; letters of advice weekly, free to subscribers to the Specials. Only one horse a day wins. Billy's Brilliant."

"You want my advice?" he gasped at last.

"You're joking, guv'nor."

"I never joke with you, my lad," the trainer said kindly, laying his hand on the old fellow's shoulder.

"I suppose I've never asked your advice before, but I want it now."

Billy said nothing; he merely cleared his throat and blew his nose, whilst his eye took a nervous circular gallop.

"In the first place," Marvis said, dropping his voice, "I must tell you that King Daffodil is going to win the Derby."

"Of course!" Marvis smiled.

"You'd made up your mind to that, then?"

"I knew it long ago."

"How did you know?"

Billy grunted and drew his hand across his mouth.

"It's true I've only got one eye, guv'nor, but anyone with 'arf an eye could see he's a Derby winner."

"Well, don't talk about it."

"If you thinks I talk, cut my tongue out, guv'nor."

Billy was serious, and did not speak metaphorically.

"Now, who would you advise me to put up on him for the race?" the trainer asked.

Billy heaved a great sigh.

"You ought never to 'ave let her ride him," he whispered.

"Why not?"

"Owwer can you expect him to get used to 'aving a mere human being on his back after being used to her? It's asking too much of the boss."

"There's a month yet."

"Who's going to come here and ride him in his gallops for a month? Who's going to do that who's anybody. You've left it too late."

There was a pathetic quiver of resentment in Billy's voice.

"Mr. Arthur Merrick," Marvis said bluntly.

Billy's lonely eye closed like a trapdoor.

"He did not speak, merely expectorating on the tiled floor."

"He's a clever chap, though he is an amateur;

(Continued on page 13.)

MAY 2, 1905.

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## MUST BOYS FIGHT?

Games at Schools Have Made Both Fighting and Flogging Un-necessary To-day.

By A SCHOOLMASTER.

This letter, in reply to the numerous once we have published advocating fighting at school, gives reasons why fighting has died out in company with flogging, and why modern school methods make it impossible that it should be revived.

Before explaining the decay of fisticuffs and flogging at our public schools, we shall do well in taking a brief glance at the conditions of school-life, say, during the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

Take Eton, for instance, where the famous Dr. Keate held sway. Corporal punishment and fighting were at their height. On one occasion the "Head" flogged no less than forty boys, thereby putting down a threatened rebellion. Keate was doubtless one of the most famous wielders of the birchen wreath known. In his declining years it is stated that his only regret was that he hadn't flogged more.

## FREE PERMISSION TO FIGHT.

True, Arnold of Rugby flogged but little, yet only owing to the fact that he expelled the more troublesome boys, saying that the number of scholars was immaterial provided those they had were Christian gentlemen.

To the boys Arnold gave free permission to fight provided they did so on a spot overlooked by his study window. Thus fewer differences were settled than might have been the case.

Readers of Charles Lamb may remember Coleridge's famous remark on hearing that his old master, James Boyer, was dying. "Poor Jerry Boyer!" said he. "May all his faults be forgiven, and may he be waited to bliss by little cherub boys all head and wings," so that he might not be tempted to flog them!

In those days the only successful schoolmasters were strict disciplinarians. Very little else was taught save Latin and Greek. The schools were under-staffed, and masters were given far more boys than they could well manage. Picture the state of a class-room containing over a hundred boys, to whom the unfortunate pedagogue was endeavouring to instil Greek or Latin prose. None but a flogger could have attempted it.

Again, quite fifty per cent. of school "amusements" came off during school-hours. Outside there was very little to do. Well-kept football fields, cricket pavilions, and such like were unheard of, as were cadet corps, gymnasiums, and natural history societies. Practically the only relaxations were peg-tops, hoops, marbles, and such like. Little wonder that fighting and bullying went on. Things must have been slow. The masters took not the slightest interest in the boys' games, as their sphere was in school, they believed, not out.

## GAMES HAVE KILLED FIGHTING.

Compare all these facts with the interest which present-day masters take in athletics. The effect upon the boys of games and drill, to mention but two influences, is incalculable. Suffice it to say, that besides benefiting morally and physically in many ways, they are rendered far more tractable in school as well as out.

Look at the attractiveness of modern school textbooks. Caesar and Xenophon are full of coloured illustrations, and even Euclid loses its terrors. Boys, in spite of their well-known proclivities, can hardly help paying attention. The birch or cane are almost totally unnecessary.

The well organised games have killed fighting—boys have little opportunity for fisticuffs, or if they had they haven't the will.

Who would dare say that the schoolboy of to-day is cowardly? If "Mother" and other feminine correspondents think so, let them watch their sons at football and they will change their views rapidly. Let them watch their boy tackle the ball in a Rugby game, knowing full well that he will have the team on top of him. Cowards indeed!

The assertion that "a boy who does not fight at school and get hurt many times is not likely to make success in business or commerce" is easily seen to be unwarranted. "Boys will be boys," and they still fight, only the method has changed for the better.

Public schools may not be perfect, yet on the whole they are institutions we may be justly proud of. The inevitable fact remains—flogging and fighting have died a natural death, forming part of a dead regime never to be recalled.

## TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

THE COUNTERFEIT, by Arthur Wenlock. Alston Rivers, 6s. A military novel, which the author claims portrays the British officer as he is.

THE JACKAL, by Coulson Kernahan. Ward, Lock, 6s. A tale of the Indian Mutiny, and continues with some quite exciting adventures.

TOP BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS, Hughes: THE DEERSLAVER, Fenimore Cooper. Nelson, 6d. Two new editions to Messrs. Nelson's wonderfully cheap "Sixpenny Classics."

HISTORIC SITES AND SCENES OF ENGLAND, Issued by the Great Western Railway Co., 1s. For the American traveller in England; where to go and what to see. Really excellently illustrated.

## MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF THE LATE DAN LENO.



This monument, which has just been erected in Lambeth Cemetery, bears the inscription "In loving memory of my dear husband, George Galvin, 'Dan Leno,' who fell asleep October 31st, 1904, aged 43. Here sleeps the King of Laughter Makers."

## UNVEILED YESTERDAY.



A bust of Mrs. Browning, presented to the Camberwell Art Gallery, which the Poet Laureate unveiled yesterday.

## SHOT IN CHARING CROSS-ROAD.



Miss Jenny Cutler, an employee at Messrs. Crossie and Blackwell's jam manufactory, who was wounded by a bullet from a toy pistol in Charing Cross-road yesterday.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE?

This morning, when I was lying awake at about 6 a.m., I felt a distinct tremor, which I put down as a slight earthquake shock. I could feel the bed shaking quite distinctly.

To make sure that I was not dreaming, I got up on to my elbow and could see a curtain that hangs behind the bed shake quite visibly. I may be mistaken in my surmise, but I think not.

B. CROSBIE-HILL.

Barrett's-green, Hawkhurst, April 30.

## LATE-COMERS AT THE PLAY.

At "Becket" on Saturday evening I was more than usually annoyed by late arrivals, passing in between the stage and those who had taken the trouble to arrive in time.

Could not all theatres where plays worth listening to be produced agree to make a rule that late-comers shall stand until the curtain falls upon the first scene or act?

Shutting them out altogether would be too severe. But they certainly ought not to be allowed to be a nuisance to others.

C. F. M.

Greencroft-gardens, Hampstead.

## "MARY JANE" AS A WIFE.

I quite agree with a "Country Vicar." Who can be more fitted to manage a home than "Mary Jane"?

What she has done on a large scale cannot be done on a smaller one? Surely she who had been used to only a weekly outing, and not always that, is more suited to become a poor man's wife than one who has been used to so much more liberty.

Also, when a girl has once been tidy, clean, thorough, and methodical, it is not so easy a matter to lose those good habits.

A. M. J.

## WHERE WHIPPING WOULD DO GOOD.

I am sorry to say that the medieval whipping post and a good thick horsewhip would have made the most suitable form of punishment. CORINTH.

us hope) be far distant when we shall have to rise as one and demand some legislative measure to efficiently deal with, and if possible stamp out, this foul intrusion. What a pity it is that the cat does not form the only method of punishment in these cases.

The writer has just prosecuted one of these inhuman specimens—a miserable failure of a human,

## FRANZ VON VECSEY.



A German caricature of the famous boy musician, who has just returned to London from the United States. (From "Simplicissimus.")

I am sorry to say that the medieval whipping post and a good thick horsewhip would have made the most suitable form of punishment. CORINTH.

## THE SKIN AS A BREATHING ORGAN.

Have you ever seen the skin under a microscope? If you have, you will have been interested in noticing what look like little holes on the surface, but which are really the pores of the skin. When it is remembered that there are some two and a half millions of these on the body of an average man or woman, and that the number of little channels to which they are the entrance would, if joined end to end, make a string twenty miles long, it will be evident that the utmost care ought to be taken to keep them clear and free from all obstruction. Speaking generally, people think of the pores of the skin merely as the outlets for perspiration, but that is only one function they perform. Not only does perspiration pass out through the pores, but the natural oil of the skin which keeps it soft, smooth, and elastic, also comes out through the same channel, and, in addition, you breathe with your skin. As a consequence if the pores of the skin of any part of the body become obstructed the skin will suffer, and if the stoppage is extensive the general health will be affected. It is as unwise to have the pores of the skin stopped up as it would be to make a practice of covering up the nose and mouth.

## HOW TO HAVE A HEALTHY SKIN.

You cannot have a healthy skin if you refuse to give it proper attention. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the possession of a beautiful complexion, and every day one hears remarks about the perfect skin someone or another has, whereas, the speaker in many cases could have quite as good a complexion merely by taking a little trouble and attending to the first signs of skin illness. What you need to do is to resolutely determine to keep your skin in good order, and it is not at all difficult to effect this. What is the first step? If you have any skin blemish of any kind, whether slight or serious, you have in "Antexema" a certain cure. This is proved by the experience of hundreds of thousands of people in every part of the world, and the enormous number of letters we have received, prove the extraordinary curative powers of "Antexema" beyond doubt. Next, use the right soap, or, in other words, invariably wash with "Antexema Soap," which has the scent and refreshing influence of the pine forest, and should always be used for Bath, Toilet, and Nursery. It makes the skin clear, white, and healthy, and prevents pimples, blackheads, and red, rough, oily skin. It is the best preventative and healthiest cleanser, emollient, antiseptic, non-poisonous, and safe, and costs no more than other soaps. Finally, keep your blood pure, and the use of "Antexema Granules" enables you to do this, as they embody the purifying elements of the Harrogate mineral springs, and skin troubles are both cured and prevented by their use.

## DON'T RUN RISKS.

The best time to cure any illness, ailment, or health trouble of any kind, is before it really shows itself. Many troubles give unmistakable signs of their approach, and as regards skin troubles, "Coming events cast their shadows before." The moment you see that the skin of any part of your body, the face, hands, arms, legs, chest, or back, is red, rough, inflamed, or in any way unhealthy, apply "Antexema," and in a very short time your skin will again be pure, clear, and healthy.

## DON'T BE UNCOMFORTABLE.

Scarcely anything causes the same amount of intense discomfort as the maddening irritation set up by many skin troubles. Hour after hour, day and night, the sufferer endures maddening irritation, that makes it impossible to give either proper attention to business or get comfortable rest at night. "Antexema" would prevent all this. It is not pretended that serious skin troubles are cured immediately "Antexema" is applied, but skin irritation stops as soon as it is used, and the curative process starts the moment you use it.

## DO YOU WANT FURTHER INFORMATION?

The enormous number of letters we have had, and which are still pouring into our offices, shows how widespread is the interest taken in the subject of the health of the skin, and how anxious the public are to know the way to cure skin troubles and to keep cured afterwards. Those who have not cut out these articles should certainly obtain our handbook, which contains the substance of the columns that have appeared here. This book is so valuable that it ought to be in every home, and the information it gives must have saved an immense sum in doctors' fees. Though our family handbook on skin troubles is thoroughly scientific, it is at the same time so simple in wording that a child can understand it, whilst the oldest will find it of the greatest possible interest and value.

## NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

Don't wait till you get worse, but commence with "Antexema" this very day. It will be easier to cure your trouble today than it will be tomorrow, and you will avoid discomfort by taking out our advice. "Antexema" is supplied by all chemists at 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d., and can be obtained direct, post free, in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. Read our handbook, entitled "Skin Troubles," which is packed with valuable and interesting information regarding all skin ailments, and is enclosed with every bottle supplied. If still unconvinced of the value of "Antexema," handbook will be forwarded post free to readers of "Daily Mirror," together with a free trial and 200 testimonials from persons cured. All you need do is to mention "Daily Mirror" when you write, and enclose three penny stamps to cover postage and packing, and send your letter to "Antexema," 88, Castle-road, London, N.W.









